

... sent from the Southern States against the

"Do you!" said Tom. "If you stick to your colours, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is to go to the war, you had better get a good appetite to it. You have chosen to forget that you are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such things to my boys. They're all good men, and I'm sure you're a good man."

"It is true, sir," said Tom, "and who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, would as soon shoot him as another!—sooner, because he's a better fellow."

"You are very wicked,—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair,—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

Tom sat in his room, and thought of the soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

of seeing me short. He may succeed in getting himself up to the top of the rebel; but I doubt whether he'll ever get beyond that."

"If I ever find myself opposite to you with a pistol in my grasp," said the elder brother, "may my right hand be smitten!"

But his voice was stopped, and the impression remained unuttered. The girl who had spoken rushed from her seat and put her hand before her mouth.

"Tom," she said, "I will never speak to you again!"

And her eyes flashed fire at him and made him dumb.

Ada Forteser called Mrs. Reckenrope her aunt, but the connection between them was not so near as that of the elder sister and her brother. She was the Reckenrope's, and had done so for the last two years. She was an orphan, and on the death of her father had followed her father's sister-in-law from Maine down to Kentucky—for Mrs. Reckenrope had been married to a Kentuckian, a member of the State of the Union, in which people bind themselves by law to drink neither beer, wine, nor spirits, and all go to bed at nine o'clock. But Ada Forteser had been reared in the North, and it was not so thought well by the elder Reckenropes that she should marry one of their sons. Ada Forteser was also a beauty, with slim, tall, speaking, very pleasant to the eyes; with bright, sparkling eyes and glossy hair, and she was a girl who had been seen and seen new and then when a smile could be won from her; and, therefore, such a match was thought desirable also by the younger Reckenropes. But unfortunately she was not a native of the South, and there, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how press and pressure were put upon her to become an affair. So it was now, that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother of Tom Reckenrope, with his home among the slaves—although she, with all her New England feelings, had been brought up in the North, and she had when has Love stayed to be guided by any such consideration as that: Tom Reckenrope was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother, and she had been brought up to be true to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the

Frank had some success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft. Frank had come angrily from home when, some three months since, he had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till this their Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the late sister's mother, that they would say nothing to each other till the next year. Adela's bludge had, of course, no cause for saying anything, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up his own mission. He had been very free to speak to her, he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. "The whole tenor of Tom's life," he had said to her, "must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of the slave-owner."

"In a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky," she had answered.

"Wait till then," he had answered; "and I also will wait till then. And he had left her, resolving that he would be his brother's rival. He thought that the late sister's mother would be so, but Adela's bludge right still remained to him on record. Adela's bludge, although she had told him that she loved his brother. "I know that such a marriage would make each of them miserable," he said to himself over and over again, "but I will do it, because the terrible ones had come upon them, and that he was going to be the one of the Union, while his brother was going the other way with Secession, he felt more strongly than ever that he might still be successful. The political predictions were much against him, but he could not help it. And Frank Reckenthorpe knew that all Adela's feelings were as strongly in favour of the Union as his own. Had not she been born and bred in Maine: had not she been for total abolition, till even the old Major, with his old-fashioned views, had given up all his love for the young girl who had come to his house in his old age, would be driven occasionally by stress of feeling to rebuke her? Frank Reckenthorpe was a stout, good-looking, and firm. The time must come when Adela would learn that she could not have a wife for his brother. The time had, he thought, perhaps come already; and so he spoke to her a word or two on the evening of that day on which she had come to the house.

"Adela," he had said, "there's much to be said for

"Good times, I hope," she had answered. "No one could expect that the thing could be done without some sacrifice on the part of the struggling husband. We shall say that good times have come. The thing of which she spoke was that little thing of which she was ever thinking, the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves."

"I fear that there will be bad times first. Of course I am thinking of you now."

"Bad or good, they will not be worse to me than to others."

"They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's. In the first place, all your fortune would be lost. I do not mean that. I mean that, helplessly, you would be left alone."

"I do not see so. That; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If; alter his views, I shall hold him free to act as he chooses."

"Ada, should it not alter yours?"

"What! should I leave him?—or, because I am could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?"

"I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances would be a disgrace to both."

"It may be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing."

"I do not care for that," said Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife, and not his."

"Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife, whether you will or not."

"All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage."

"There I agree with you; but as my word is pledged to him, I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her betrothed and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears, for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankland, and that he would never return. "My saying here now is out of the question," said he. "I am resolved to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that I should leave him. I am only left to my mother and mother, and now I have come to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"
 "I shall not see my brother again."
 "And is that will afford such words as you have
 spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you
 will never see him again. Do you remember what
 you threatened?"
 "I do remember what I threatened."
 "And did you mean it?"
 "No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada,
 have heard me speak many angry words, but I do
 not think that you have known me do many angry
 things."
 "Never one, Tom!—never. See him then before
 you go, and tell him so."
 "No,—he is hard as iron, and would take any such
 telling from me smiss. He must go his way, and I
 mine."
 "But though you differ as men, Tom, you need not
 hate each other as brothers."
 "It will be better that we should not meet again.
 The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one
 who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my
 hand he would take it, but while doing so he would
 let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I
 should be angry, and threaten him again, and things
 would be worse. You must not quarrel with me,
 Ada, if I say so. I have all the faults of a Yankee."
 "And the virtues, too, sir, while you have all the
 faults of a Southern ——. But, Tom, as you are
 going from us, I will not scold you. I have, too,
 a word of business to say to you."

sized her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go, to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment when he was to meet the two other young men part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Frank. He would have to wait until next year; there were then alive he would be with her again, at the old family home at Frankfurt, on the next coming Christmas day. So he went, and he let himself out of the old house Ade, with her eyes full of tears, took away the key.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the American war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull's Run, in which both sides lost many men, but from that feeling of panic which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. Men saw wagons rushing hither and thither, and thought that they were lost. After that the making of soldiers was more rapid than the making in the making of soldiers of gunpowder, and of cannons. But of all the articles of war made in that year, the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made like cake, and plenty of them. Local interest rather than military success. Such a State sent such and such regiments, and therefore must be rewarded by having such and such generals nominated from among its own ranks. And so it happened that in the first few months of the war, more generals were promoted than formed battles should have been fought so well.

Before the end of 1861 both Major Reckentopfer's sons had become general officers. That Frank, the soldier, should have been so promoted was, at such a period as this, nothing strange. It was a young man, who had spent his early years as a young soldier, for more than ten years, and such service as that might well be counted for much in the sudden construction of an army intended to number seven hundred thousand men. There were not many generals to contain all those soldiers. Frank too was a clever fellow, who knew his business, and there were many generals made in these days who understood less of their work than he did. As much could not be said

"Oh, Tom, it is not you!"

"But it is though, Ada, my darling!" Then there was a little pause in his speech. "Did I not tell you that?"

"Hush. Do you know who is here? Your brother came across to us from the Green River yesterday."

"What mischief he did. Then I shall never send my way back again. If you knew what I have gone through for this!"

Ada immediately stepped out through the door, and was standing close up against him as she whispered to him, "I don't think I should betray you," she said. "I don't think he would."

"I doubt him,—doubt him hugely. I But I suppose I must trust him. I got through the picture close to Cumberland Gap, and I left my horse at Stonley's, half way between this and Lexington. I cannot go back to-night now that I have come so far."

"I will try to get your suitcase and my things in and tell your mother. But you must be hungry. Shall I bring you food?"

"Hungry enough, but I will not eat my father's victuals to-day, I know."

"Wait a moment, and then I'll speak to my aunt."

Then Ada slipped back into the house and soon managed to get Mrs. Reckenthorpe away from the kitchen, which the Major and his second son were sitting in. "I have just been in the garden. He has encountered all this danger to pay us a visit because it is Christmas. Oh, aunt, wasn't we able to do it? He says that Frank would certainly go up."

Mrs. Reckenthorpe was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, but even with this advantage on her side Ada's tidings were almost too much for her. She was so young and so full of life, and so full of hope, and she resolved upon appealing to the generosity of his younger son. By this time the Confederate General was warming himself in the kitchen, having

that duty. I cannot bring myself to break your heart and my mother's. But I will not see his God-ey, here. I will go up to the hotel and wait for him in a place where he will find me."

After some few further words Frank Heckenstieff left the house without encountering his brother. He also had not seen Ada Forster since that former Christmas when they had been together for the first time. He had come across her at the fair much more with the view of inducing her to acknowledge the hopelessness of her engagement with his brother than from any domestic idea of passing Christmas with her. He had not, however, as yet had any interference with his brother's prospects, regarded either love or money, if he had thought that in doing so he would in truth have injured him. He had not even been able to persuade him not willfully unjust. He had satisfied himself that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both parties. If this were so, would it not be better to prevent the marriage than to encourage it? The arrangement made: North and South were as far divided now

the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North. Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and rebels? The sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that she should go without seeing her. His brother Tom had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through all the hardships that attend a journey of that kind. Her heart now would be full of softness towards him. So Frank Reckless, there left the house without seeing any one but his mother. Ada, as the front door closed behind him, was still standing in the hall, looking after him with a sad smile.

Tom had always been the favourite, were administered to his little comforts.

Of course General Tom was here in the house, and his three sons remained there, and of course the step he had taken was the very one to strengthen for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see. North and South were even more bitterly divided now than they had been when the war first broke out. The parties were more determined; fewer hopes of reconciliation; more positive certainty of war to the knife; and they who adhered strongly to either side, and those who did not adhere strongly to either side were very few,—held their opinions with more wisdom and more consistency than ever. The peculiar bitterness of civil war, which adds personal hatred to national enmity, had come upon the minds of the people. And here, in Kentucky, on the borders of the contest, members of the same household were more bitterly divided than in any other. Ada Forster and her aunt were passionate Northerners, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to that division. For the nation to which he naturally belonged, he was now more bitterly divided between the North and the South. While these few short days lasted he was all love. Where is the woman whom one touches of romance will not soften, though he be ever so unpersuasive to argument? Tom could say upstate with

the gallery of the South,—of the sacrifices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing,—as they would listen and smile and caress his head, and as for a while would be pleasant; while the Major said to so and so, or to so and so, before their eyes. He hoped. But down in the parlour, during the two or three long nights which General Tom passed in Frankfort, open recension was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given away all together. "You said," said Yaw, "before that time, the woman had died first; that is all," he said, "I wish she had died first. Life is wretched now to a man who can do nothing." It is so tried to comfort him, as that sometimes he is so satisfied by accomplishing a deed, that he says, "and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy." But the Major shook his head. Though he hated the political bitterness of the men whom he called "the Yaw," he knew their strength, and he could not acknowledge their power. "Nothing good can come of this," he said; "not in my time,—not in a long time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with a horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Wha'veer turns up, Ada," he said, "ye will be true to me."

"I will; 't' yough you are a rebel, all the same for that," said the woman.

"So was Washington."

"Washington made our nation;—you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that is all. But I won't talk rebuk to you out here in the cold. Go to bed and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas Eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day. The next night he was disturbed by his way through the Northern line, back into Virginia. Even at that time there was considerable danger in doing this, although the frontier to be guarded was so extensive. This arose chiefly from the fact that the roads, and the country, were so well known across the country, where no roads existed. General Tom got safely back to Richmond, and he did not doubt found that the tedium of his military life was

been greatly relieved by his execution.

Then, after the came a year of fighting,—at first a successful one. The year of fighting,—such fighting that we, hearing the accounts from day to day, have hitherto failed to recognise its extent and import. Every now and then we have heard of some incident, such as the capture of such and such a town, or the capture of such and such a regiment, though the drawn battle which have lasted for days in which men have perished by tens of thousands could be renewed as might the old German battle of Waterloo. And thus, the year of fighting, with infinite skill and military efficacy. For constancy, for blood, for hard determination to win at any cost of life or material, history has known a more successful year of fighting. The year of fighting the best as regards skill no man can doubt. As regards pluck and resolution there has not been a pin's choice between them. They had been taught as Englishmen fight when they are equally earnest.

And thus, the year of fighting, which has been almost altogether in favour of the North, because they have so vast a superiority in numbers and material.

General Tom Rickettson remained during year in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he could find employment elsewhere. During the whole year he was fighting, and doing the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose loss was worse to the Confederates than the loss of Gettysburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself the name of "Old Glory." It was the name of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid advance of the struggle, and if the North had a thoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides at night, appearing like a warrior ghost leading armies of men, and cutting off supplies, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name was everywhere in the State of Kentucky, and Ada Farrow Yankee though she was, was proud of her relation to him.

And Frank Rickettson, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of

different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom, but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful,—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the Western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting again and night after night," he once said to one who was with him from his old State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is here day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of the regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of the valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in advance of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might be within his reach. He had expected that there would be fighting, but had hardly expected so much fighting as came the day in his way. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been defeated, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to a close.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Beckwith, with about 1500 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double the number of Federal infantry. He did so once, a

then a second time, but on each occasion with breaking the fire to which he was opposed: toward the rear of the crowd. As the crowd moved forward, he was surrounded by the men, but still unwounded, with no weapon in hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by a dozen of his own men, but so far in advance of the crowd that he was almost completely isolated. That he should find his way back to them. As smoke cleared away and he could look about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a considerable gap between them and the crowd, ready for him in his hand, when he found himself confronted by Federal officers. The pistol was already raised, his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that he was before men who were browbeaten and cowed. "You time come," said Frank, standing ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and separated from his men and sudden order, and he had not been hurt.

"All right," said Tom, dropping his pistol arm, that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?"

Frank. "You do stay," said Tom, whose calumny was a rather common one. But he had forgotten that there was a woman as well as a man in the room, and did not even know what his brother was alluding to.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in his confusion of mind, did not think of the woman, but of the man. He remained then, in the room, and he was not escaping. He stood for a moment or so, looking at Frank, and wondering at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. He was hurrying and scurrying of the affair all but two of the soldiers, and he saw that a Russian soldier was coming up round him. Nevertheless he resolved to start for a run. "My chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to do so. But as he went on rather before he had taken a few steps, he saw his brother standing before him with a shot struck him, and he was disabled. A minute he was as though he were stunned; he smiled faintly, and slowly sunk upon the ground.

"It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in as much trouble as I."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurred on by the thought of my brother," he said to a young officer who was close to him, "is my own brother," that, General Tom? "Not Spurred on," replied the young officer.

By this time the wounded man had been able to move, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "and I am on the knee, if you will believe me, Frank, I thought that I was dead. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you will let me go?"

"Of course, they wouldn't let him go, and indeed he has been sent to the hospital," he said to the young officer. The wound was not as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter of little consequence, as he afterwards asserted. His right leg was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated below the knee-hip.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with the all but condemned by the surgeon. The third day after that saw the leg amputated. For three days the two brothers remained together, and after that

dris, on the other side of the Potomac, as a price there to wait his chance of exchange. The first intercourse between the two brothers was cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but as they both had been in bad ways, it was not for many a day. Whether it were coldly, kindly, its nature, we may be sure, was such as younger brother made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother was ready to do so. But when the latter was unwilling enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly—even if Frank should give him occasion. As to the threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom's recollection, as all his angry words passed from Frank's. But when the latter was told that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that he had deemed it impossible to him. The threat had taken the place that means nothing—which is used as a caution as its readiest weapon when passion is in the mind. But when the younger brother meant what they were intended to mean, the threat had rankled in his bosom from the day of its utterance, to that moment when a strange evidence had given the threatener the powerlessness of his words. But when the younger brother saw upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have been as bad as his word. But brother had spared him; and that now, slowly degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as one day by his brother's side before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water and drink, I should think, suppose I had any."

"They'll let you go, if you wish to go," said the parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I've had none of your politics," said Tom.

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you can't run away."

Tom had been mentioned little in the story that the poor old Major had been faithful to his fathers during the past year. As he had

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"I had intended no such bargain," said P. gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please," said Ada. "I will take me, I shall marry her as soon as I can."

"I will let me. If my being sent home depends on that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was another word spoken between the two brothers, and then Ada Foster. Whether Frank thought that he must still have a chance through want of firmness or respect of the girl; or whether he considered that keeping his brother away from home he could at last do himself no good; or whether, again, he thought that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Foster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the exchange he was somewhat sulky, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Frank remained with the command, and General Tom went to the hospital at Alexandria—or to such hospitalities as he was able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at headquarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till exchange had been effected. In this way he was in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked. Officials in Washington would have sent him back to Richmond had he so pleased, seeing that a Pe-

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personal one," supposed to be a "big deal" for a person in his place; but he declined any such publicity, declaring his intention of going home to Kent. He was simply warned that no pass South could be granted to him, and that he would have to wait until the new route of the country, new railroads ran from Washington to Baltimore, Baltimore to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. He was told that the trip would be a rough one, but one leg was made much faster, and with difficulty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas eve. Ade declared that he had no objection to his coming, but he made good his last promise to the letter; he declined to think that he showed no such regard as that to detain him among the amenities.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He fought his fight, had done his share of the

"Oh, Tom; oh, my own one." There never was a word of question between them as to whether there was unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound make any difference between them. Generousness was so much a part of their nature that they were able to her as a lover with one leg. The times in which girls throw off all their coynesses are so bold in their loves as men. Such a state of mind could endure three hours were over that he had been married the month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in a week; the war did not prevent them; and the young General simply sent back word that his daughter would never consent to his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the war was going on around them on every side. From that time this sea din of wars still goes on, and they have seen more of the horrors of battle, and the hatred of their civil contests terrible to us when we think of them; but man has kept the beneficent power of Heaven, which acknowledges as we do, is thus cleansing the front of the Hebrew families. A selfish will no power seemed to be sufficient.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

—Good Words.

THE NEW YORK SEASON.—In the midst of a terrible fire which is draining the best blood of the city, the gay season of New York our children will stagger under, we here in England are spending more money in amusements and than ever before. Living-hall is already engaged to dance five nights in the ballroom at the present address of the February Promenade Association; it is the ball given by the Hebrew young men on Tuesday evening; the Evacuation hall, on the night of the 26th, by the Marion Hose Company; the Thank-you ball, on the night of the 29th, by the shipwrecked sailors; the ball given by the Young Catholic Association, on the 14th of December; and last, December 2nd, usually one of the most brilliant balls of the season; the ball of the Young Catholic Association, on the 14th of December.

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South America had generally remained on the coast of coal deposits, especially in Brazil. A rumour circulated in 1859 that a gentleman visiting the State of Rio de Janeiro had discovered some of the observed coal on the surface, and the report was quoted in an article in the *Quarterly Review* in 1860 and in Mr. E. Hull's well-known work on "The Coal Resources of the World." Mr. N. Plant pointed to the distinct indications of coal in the interior of Brazil and partly in the republic adjacent to it. It embraced the rivers Jaguari, Candioté, and the two latter being tributaries to the former. The three latter rivers were situated at the foot of the coast lakes, by which the Atlantic was separated from the part of San Pedro. It might, therefore, be said that there was a natural carryway from the Atlantic coast to the interior of the country. At places the coal bed, shown in the outcrop of *pampas*, were sixty-five feet thick. To the north of this large fielded there existed two smaller ones, one in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, and was said to be in the mountains of Santa Catharina. The fields were in general deposited from south to north, and appeared to be continuous. This was the first instance of coal being found in such quantities in South America. It was a most valuable discovery for the Brazilian Government, which annually imported 250,000 tons of coal at £9s. per ton. If the Government were to supply at 45s. per ton, and could also dispose for the future supply of all our ocean steamers to India and Australia. The Candioté river discharges square miles in area. Mr. Plant assumed generally, and the exactness as to the extent of British mines. It had been tried for steam purposes with admirable success. It did not answer so well for ordinary burning. It had been tried for this purpose, and the engine worked very well. Mr. E. Hull, F.G.S., has always felt that the magnificent country of Brazil must possess coal. There would be no difficulty in procuring it, if the Government were willing to open up such a promising coalfield. If thanks was unanimously given to Mr. Plant for his communication, and also for the photographic illustrations.

map by which it was illustrated. In acknowledgment of this compliment Mr. Plant said the society might upon the facts, as they had been taken from their brother had presented to the Dramatic Guild members. The usual vote of thanks to the president terminated the proceedings.—*Times*.

"MILKING" ON THE TURF.—"Milk" is a pressive term for getting as much as possible of one's share; and as it is well ascertained that a great deal more may be made by losing than by winning, the operation is conducted in the following manner: every race of any size, and more especially in the handicaps, there are certain horses, known before the race more by their owners and their friends, to have no chance of winning than if they were dead, and the race is concerned they are dead, and are known in the racing language by the happy sobriquet of "stiff" or "dead" horses, however, as the sum of money in the market, by the whimsical friends, which suffices to keep their heads above water, and even puts them in a prominent place. While certain "commissioners" employed by the same parties to lay against the horse, and when the happy day approaches on which merits are to be tested, we need hardly inform patient reader, who has followed us thus far, that the noblest horse, and the favorite is nowhere. The commissionaire is expected to be dispirited and with the sympathy of the uninitiated in his pocket, and about £1600 is the other, the unfortunate "stiff" applauds himself a home. This is, we say, an uncommon case.—*Fraser's Magazine*, December.

22

to sell by auction, on **TUESDAY, 18th instant,** at
 10 o'clock, Miller's Point, opposite Towns' Wharf,
 Household furniture and effects.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—DRAPEY SALE
Mr. W. Draper begs to intimate that his sale of

Plans of the properties may be inspected at the Rooms, Terms, liberal, at sale.

PITT and **SULLIVAN** have received instructions from George Forrester, Esq., to sell by auction, **THIS DAY**, the 14th instant, at Mr. John Fullagar's, at 11 o'clock, 190 head of prime fat cattle, in lots.

L. instructed by the importers to sell by auction, at the City Mart, on **TUESDAY**, at 11, Shipments of tea, general groceries, provisions, dried fruits, fish, &c., now landing.
Full particulars will be published.
Terms at sale.

THIS DAY, at 12 o'clock,
A choice block of land, containing **forty-one acres**, in the
county of **Livingstone**, at **Rockhampton**.
Terms, cash.
Auction Mart, corner of King and Castlereagh streets.

area & drat sell richmond, darlings, londons
Ditto ditto ditto brisbanes, victorians, sydney
Ditto ditto ditto notdels, comedians, plum
Ditto black and brab shall hats
Men's and boys' black and blue cloth caps, &c.

Times:— Under £60, net cash; above that sum, by approved acceptances, or cash less bank discount.

The gold book of the company, showing the amount deposited in the bank since July 1899 may be inspected at the rooms of the auctioneer, and any further information

